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"SILA PAÑÑANATO JAYAM"

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RAJA HEWAVITHARNE

THE last time I met Raja Hewavitarne he suggested to me that I should join the Magic Circle. Without giving the matter a second thought I agreed. Today I am a Life Member of the Magic Circle. I do not know why. I only know that Raja waved his wand, so to say. I mention this just to show that it was not possible for a friend of Raja to refuse in a hurry any request from him.

I had known Raja almost from the day he returned from England in the early twenties after completing his studies; and an acquaintance made at the Colombo Y. M. B. A. soon ripened to a close friendship which only death did part two months ago.

Raja had most lovable qualities which infected his friends. "Practise thou the truth that thy brother is the same as thou", said the Lord. Raja practised it. Though closely connected with the Maha Bodhi Society, which was synonymous with the Hewavitarne family, Raja devoted many years of his life to the Colombo Y. M. B. A. of which he was General Secretary for a period. He proved to be one of the most popular and respected secretaries of the Association. He moved freely with the members; he did not consider himself a superior being by virtue of the office to which he was elected. The members loved him. The Association progressed under his leadership. After he laid down the reins of office he was elevated to the position of a Vice-President for a short time. Some time later he was a Vice-President again and was in office at the time of his death.

Yielding to pressure from some friends Raja entered politics in 1936 and was elected to represent the Matara Constituency in the State Council. Later he was elected a Minister. But I really wondered even then whether he did wisely in seeking political honours, for he was too honourable to be a mere politician. His services to his country lay in other directions—trade, industries, religion, in all of which he hit the top grade. He had a mission to fulfil in the sphere of religion. He did it.

Raja was a Sinhalese who loved his people, but narrow nationalism was something alien to him; to him it was repugnant to subscribe to un-Sinhalese methods to bolster up the cause of the Sinhalese. He was just; he was humble; he was patriotic. He eschewed modern methods to popularity. From his birth he was heir to power, position, prestige, but at no time in his life did he allow these factors to turn his head. At the height of his glory he did not forsake his friends, however humble, however poor. He realised that power and fame were ephemeral and what mattered in life was honesty, humility, service.

There are many little anecdotes one could relate about Raja. I shall but record one which I heard in India. He was motoring in Benares when he came up against a procession. Raja was in a hurry. His companion was quick to act. He alighted and, seeking the Police Inspector on duty said, "The Rajah Hewavitarne of Ceylon is in the car." The ruse worked and the path was cleared. Later Raja was quite unhappy about it. That was the man.

As one who enjoyed his friendship for well nigh thirty three years I mourn the death of Raja Hewavitarne, gentleman and valued son of Lanka.

DAVID NELLIE WILLIAM

THE BUDDHA AND THE BUDDHIST

By THE ANAGARIKA SUGATANANDA

A Talk broadcast from Radio Ceylon on June 26th 1958.

THE Supreme Buddha is unique among world-teachers in that He did not claim any divine inspiration, or any guidance from a higher source, or any special relationship with a divine, supernatural being. He was not a son, nor a prophet, nor a local manifestation of any deity. As Prince Siddhartha He was a man like ourselves; educated to be a ruler, married to the beautiful Princess Yasodhara and, just before His great renunciation, the father of a little son.

A man like ourselves—yes, but with a difference. For the luxuries of this world, the promises of power and glory attaching to His station, did not attract him. We see Him at that time as a thoughtful youth, given to detaching Himself from His companions and seeking some unfrequented spot in His father's palace grounds where He could be alone with His thoughts. For there were things that puzzled Him greatly. What lay outside the palace and the gardens? What sort of life did the people outside live? Was it the same as His own life, or different?

For He was an exceptionally intelligent youth, and He had guessed that the gaily-decorated streets, strewn with flowers and lined by people in fine clothes that He saw when He was conducted in His royal chariot from the winter to the summer place, had been specially prepared for His reception. The streets had put on their holiday clothes as the people had, and the smiling face they turned to Him was a special face assumed for the occasion. He had noticed that not all the people outside were as beautiful as the young princes, His cousins, and the dancing girls who attended Him wherever He went. Among the people outside the palace walls He had seen some lined faces, some furrowed brows and some eyes whose expression somehow pained and saddened him. Yes, there were a great many things He did not understand, and he felt that something—a large part of life, perhaps the most important part—was being kept back from Him.

And life itself—what was it, really? People spoke of the time before He was born, of things that had happened before He came into existence. That was very strange. Not that birth itself was strange, but that there should have been a time when one did not exist, that was the queer thing. And, having been born, did one go on existing for ever? That too seemed in some way unlikely, if not impossible. The questions He was to put, many years later, to a young girl to test her readiness for spiritual enlightenment—"Who are you? Where have you come from? Where are you going?"—troubled Him greatly.

The father of the young Prince, King Suddhodana, was troubled, too. It was true that the youth showed extraordinary skill in all the warlike arts of a Kshatriya. His bearing was manly and dignified and He handled the bow, the sword and the axe more expertly than many old warriors of the court. But He did all these things negligently, as though He really wasn't very much interested in them. In vain the King had looked for that gleam of fireceness that comes into a keen warrior's eyes when he wields the sword, even in practice—the gleam that reveals the blood-lust of a born fighter. It simply was not there. The young Prince fought and won his contests without feeling any joy in them. He seemed more interested in the sciences and the ancient lore of the Vedas. And the King remembered the dual prophecy that his son would either be a Chakravartin, a World Monarch, or He would renounce the world to become a Buddha, the greatest of rishis. It must never be, he thought fiercely; Suddhodana's son must be a king and warrior like his father—must be greater than his father. A World Monarch--a ruler of righteousness reigning over the world, putting into effect all those principales that he, Suddhodana, had tried to realise, and in which, faced with the complex problems of rulership, he had so often failed. He would make his son follow the first prediction: he would plant His feet firmly on the royal footstool, that He might bring undying fame to His ancestral line. But even as he made this resolution the King was uneasy, for there was that in the youth's eyes that he felt he could not quell. Quiet and gentle as He was—too gentle for a futurer uler, it seemed—kindly and courteous to even the humblest servant, there was yet something about Him that spoke of an iron will, an inflexible determination which, when it was fully developed, nothing would be able to overcome. When the time came, which path would He choose?

Then there came the day when Siddhartha, sated and oppressed by the luxury of His artificial life, suddenly ordered His charioteer to drive Him, unannounced, through the city streets.

It had to happen, of course. Not even an absolute monarch can keep his son forever bound to his will. But Prince Siddhartha returned from that drive horrified and shaken as He had never been before. What had horrified him was a very commonplace thing; a sight we may see any day of our lives in the poorer quarters of our cities. It was simply an old man, bent double and enfeebled with age. But to the young Prince it was a sight more pitiful than anything He had encountered before. That a human being could be reduced to such a state, should have to endure so painful and miserable an existence--no, it was too cruel! All night long the Prince sat revolving the matter in His mind, going over and over again the brief conversation with His charioteer.

"Channa, look! What is the matter with that man?"

"Nothing, Rajkumara except that he is old. That is an old man you see before you."

"But, Channa—was he once lithe and swift and beautiful, as others are?"

"Yes, Rajkumara. But that was very long ago. Now, as you see, his skin is withered and his bone

stick out from the dry flesh. He will never be young and strong again."

"Channa, tell me—can this happen to any of us?"

"Oh, Rajkumara, it not only can but must. None can escape old age except by dying young."

"Turn the horses, Channa. Drive back. The light of day has become horrible to me."

So they turned back, with the young Prince sick at heart. But the next day, goaded by His inner need to know more, the Prince with His charioteer drove out again. This time it was a man far gone in disease, emaciated, trembling with fever, his eyes clogged with a slimy mucus, that crossed their path.

"Channa, what is the matter with that man?"

"Rajkumara, he is very sick. His body is racked by fever, his bones ache and he can scarcely move."

"How does he come to be like that? Was he once strong and well, like us?"

"Yes, Rajkumara. This sickness struck him when he was well and strong. Now he can never be sound again."

"But, Channa, tell me—can that happen to any of us?"

"Yes, Rajkumara. Sickness is no respector of persons. It can happen to anyone."

"Turh the horses, Channa. Drive back. The light of day has become horrible to me."

The third time it was a corpse, borne by wailing relatives to the burning ghat. And again on learning the truth Siddhartha's heart was smitten with horror and pity for the human condition.

"That, Rajkumara, is death. That man will never move or speak again. The life has gone out of him and no man knows whither it has gone."

"But, Channa, tell me—does that happen to all of us?"

A pause. This was the thing the Prince was not supposed to learn. But the grief-stricken, challenging eyes demanded an answer. Channa loved Him too much to lie to Him.

"Yes, my Prince. It happens to all of us. To that we must all come in the end."

To that we must all come. The words repeated themselves again and again in the Prince's mind, endlessly. This then was the inevitable end of all man's pride, his striving, his high ambitions—to become senseless as a log of wood, lost to those who loved him, gone forever from their slght. What was the meaning of it ali? Was there any meaning, or was it all a purposeless lunacy?

The Vedas He had been taught were all about the gods; interminable descriptions of their attributes and functions, endless praises to win their favours, each deity in turn being exalted above all the others, and meticulous directions for the sacrifices by which they were to be persuaded or coerced into granting man his desires. But nowhere was there any mention of this at all. There was no explanation of old age, disease and death. The most vital questions of all were ignored in a resounding tumult of words. Did it mean that man's plight was hopeless?

But the fourth sight that met Him outside the palace was different from all the others. It was a man, calm and stately, clad in a simple yellow robe that was worn and patched, but clean. His eyes were steady and his expression serene. He walked with the air of one whose thoughts were not of this world.

"What is that man, Channa? He looks different from all the others."

"That is an ascetic, my Prince. He has renounced all worldly things to find peace and liberation from the ills of the flesh."

"Are there many such, Channa?"

"A great many, my Prince. But whether they have found what they seek no one knows for certain."

Prince Siddhartha looked earnestly at the yogi. "He seems to be at peace. He seems to be what I was beginning to think was impossible—happy. In any case, the quest is a noble one. Turn the horses, Channa. Drive back. I have seen all that I need to see."

From that moment it was certain that the Prince would renounce the world. He did not know it then, but He was following His destiny—a destiny chosen by Himself many aeons before. In that life He had been Sumedha, already an ascetic of great attainments. It was in the lifetime of a previous Buddha, and He could then have become an Arahat and gained for himself the bliss of Nibbana. But his great heart was moved by compassion for all living beings, and nothing less than the role of a Supreme Buddha, able to point the way of realease from suffering to others, could satisfy Him. He desired only one thing: to be a World Teacher for the benefit of gods and men.

From the time of making that aspiration, and receiving assurance of its fulfilment, He became a Bodhisatta. Through many lives He dedicated Himself to His great purpose, practising the Ten Paramitas and making perfect his will and his virtue. A person with good prerequisites of virtuous conduct may gain the Path and Fruit of Arahatship in one lifetime, but it takes many births to fit the aspirant to become a Samma-Sambuddha. And His destiny is fixed, as all our destinies, good or bad, are fixed—by self-determination.

Siddhartha loved His wife and His little son, "Rahula"— "The Fetter." But they too were involved in this terrible human situation. They were liable to sickness and sorrow, doomed in the end to decay and death. As husband and father, what could He do for them? He could only share their misery, adding to it His own, for they must surely grieve whenever misfortune overtook him. No, He would seek something better for them—a truth that could save them and all beings from the miseries of existence. And if He found it, would there have ever been a greater gift from a husband to his wife, a father to his son? He would go forth and seek for them the richest, most enduring gift of all. Some day they would understand how deep and boundless was the love He had for them.

Love without selfishness must always appear strange to the world. The personal involvement and the sense of possession in what we call love are the barriers to that measureless and universal love which is called in Buddhism "Maitri." In

that universal love there is no discrimination between one being and another because it is free from selfhood. The relationship of the "self" to the "not-self" brings about hatred and repugnance in the same measure that it brings love. But love that is purged of self is purely love, without any admixture. This was the love felt by the Bodhisatta, the basis of His infinite compassion.

After His Parinibbana the devout followers of the Buddha, anxious to exalt Him, wove legends round His history. They finally introcuecd so many supernatural elements that the human qualities of the Prince Siddhartha became obscured. The four sights that so profoundly moved Him and served to remind Him of His great destiny were not the ordinary sights of sickness, old age, death and renunciation that all may see; they were produced miraculously by Devas who had assumed those shapes in order to prompt Him. When He left His palace at dead of night on His horse Kanthaka, attended only by the faithful Channa, His heart full of yearing for the young wife and son He was leaving behind, He did not have to steal softly through the chambers and the gates with beating heart, fearful lest some accidental noise should rouse the palace guard. A concourse of Devas opened the gates for Him and muffled the hooves of Kanthaka. And instead of going forth on a lonely quest, with only the guidance of His own heart to tell Him that the thing He was doing was right, He was attended by these Devas bearing state umbrellas, scattering flowers and discoursing sweet music.

This tendency to make every incident in the Buddha's life seem unreal and unlike the life of any ordinary person reached its peak in Mahayana. There the Buddha finally lost all human attributes and became a phantom personality. As a projection of one of the five Dhyani Buddhas He had never been human, but like the gods of theistic religion had been divine from the beginning of time. The body He bore on earth was not a substantial human body, subject to the sufferings of all human flesh; it was the Nirmana Kaya, the body of manifestation, an illusory apparitional body. In this body He merely conformed to human custom without any need to do so. When he bathed, it was only because humans had to do so; when He ate, it was merely to give the appearence of needing food and to offer opportunities for Dana. When He walked, His feet did not touch the earth.

With that, the process of deification of the Buddha became complete in Mahayana. The historical Buddha had become a myth, something completely removed from normal experience, a wraith whose feet did not touch the earth. He had never been a man who suffered as we suffer; had never been subject to the doubts, conflicts and agonies of the human situation. Unbridled fantasy and love of the supernatural had distorted the facts to such an extent that at first European scholars dismissed the Buddha as a solar myth, along with the gods of ancient Egypt and Assyria.

But it is the actual human qualities of the Bodhisatta that endear Him to the modern mind and make Him real to us as the Buddha, perfectly Enlightened, a Teacher who was in so many respects no different from ourselves. These mythical accretions, far from exalting Him, tend to diminish His spiritual stature and reduce His achievement. To us, the man who by His own unaided efforts made Himself greater than any god is a more inspiring figure, and one more able to evoke our highest admiration and reverence, than is a supernatural being who had never known the temptations and sorrows of the human state, or the doubts and uncertainties that beset us. The Buddha had known them all, and had overcome them. He had trodden the hard path that we all must tread, and His feet were on the ground. That is what makes it possible for us to draw inspiration from His life as well as as from His Teachings. Our Teacher was a real human being, One who showed that it is possible for each of us to gain the highest spiritual state by self-effort. The modern mind does not want fairy-tales; it wants truth and reality. And truth and reality are precisely what the Buddha stands for.

The Buddha stands in relation to us, His followers, as a Guide, a Teacher and the best of friends. He lives for us in His Dhamma. When we go to the Vihara and offer flowers, incense and lights to His image we do not identify the figure before us with the Buddha, or imagine that the Buddha dwells in it. The image is simply a symbol, a visual reminder that the Buddha continues to live in His dispensation and in the Truth He declared to us. We do not worship the image, but the Buddha through the image. For that reason we do not have any local Buddhas with distinct attributes to be worshipped like idols for special favours. Our Buddha of Infinite Compassion is one Buddha and an historical personage, the greatest single fact in history. He departed leaving us the highest blessing, the Doctrine of Truth; what more could we ask of Him? If we desire worldly wealth, He told us how to obtain it; by giving in charity. If we desire health and long life, He told us how to ensure it: by helping the sick and abstaining from taking life in any form. If we wish for fame and honour, He told us the means of getting it; by honouring in this life those who are worthy of honour. If we long for beauty and physical perfection, He told us how to gain that also; by cultivating Maitri, guarding the tongue against harsh words and slander, and speaking always in a spirit of kindness and truth. And if we desire the greatest blessing of all, Nibbana, the final release from the sufferings of Samsara, He taught us the infallible means of attaining it; by extinguishing the fires of Lust, Hatred and Delusion.

So it is in reverence and gratitude that we recite, not prayers addressed to any deity, but the qualities of the All-Compassionate One; that such indeed is the Lord; self-purified, omniscient, endowed with knowledge and virtue, the Happy One, Knower of the worlds, the incomparable Charioteer for those willing to be trained, the Teacher of gods and men, the All-Enlightened One, the Lord.

For confirmation of His Enlightenment we point to the Doctrine He taught; the Dhamma that is well-expounded by the Lord, capable of realisation, timeless and with immediate results, inviting investigation, leading to Nibbana, and to be understood by the wise, each for himself. That Doctrine is free from dogmas, free from contradictions, free from anomalies and free from intellectual compulsions. It is of one flavour throughout, like the character of the Buddha Himself. We need but to remind ourselves of the qualities of the Buddha, the Dhamma and the Sangha to be at once uplifted in mind and heart.

In Buddhism, wisdom and virtue are one and the same, as they were in the Buddha's own nature. The un-virtuous man be clever; he may be skilled in deception and trickery that for a time appear to get him what he wants. But cleverness is not wisdom. The apparently clever man is a fool who is throwing away his chances, piling up Akusala Kamma for which he will have to suffer in the future. He may sneer at the good man as an unworldly simpleton, but it is really he who is the stupid one; the good man will prevail in the end, enjoying the fruits of his virtuous conduct while the fool suffers in this world or a fower state. We know this to be a fact, not a matter of mere faith, because morality in Buddhism is not an artificial standard of conduct that is merely tacked insecurely to a system of theistic dogma with ehich it has no logical connection. Morality in Buddhism is a scientific principle, the underlying principle of cause and effect that rules throughout nature. The Buddha did not say: "Be virtuous because I tell you to." He said, in effect: "Be virtuous because virtue will bring you into the right way of using the causal laws that govern Samsara. Virtue is power, and by that power you can control your own destiny to a glorious end."

The Buddha never reproached a man who doubted. Doubt, He declared, was natural and proper to the rational man, until such time as he had proved the truth of the Dhamma for himself. So the Buddha would patiently explain His principles in terms suited to His listener's nature and ability to understand. Sometimes a few pregnant sentences would suffie;c the disciple's ears and eyes were opened and he grasped the truth. More often it took longer; and in many cases it was the Buddha's own outstanding personality that brought conviction, before the listener was fully attuned to the import of His Teaching. And there were some who, through self-conceit, vanity or sheer dogmatism refused to accept what He had to tell them. If the Buddha saw with His supramundane insight that they would not be able to comprehend the Dhamma in this life He let them go. He deplored their wilful obstinacy, but Hjs compassion continued to embrace them. He remembered that He too in a previous life had once refused to visit a Buddha, until in the end His true nature asserted itself and He went. No one can understand human weaknesses and failings except those who have themselves experienced them, and the understanding and compassion of a Buddha must always be greater than that of any superhuman deity.

The Buddha's Teaching is not the only teaching that will conduct a man to heaven after death, but it is the one most certain to do so because its ethical standards are the highest. Observance of the Five Precepts alone, if consistently carried out, will save the disciple from being reborn in the lower states of suffering. But while others may attain the higher realms, it is only the follower of the Buddha's Doctrine who can reach Nibbana, the highest state of all, and the only permanent goal. That is because the Buddha did not stop at the teaching of mere morality; He went on to give the method whereby the Kilesas, or defilements of the mind, can be completely eradicated. It is only when that is accomplished that the rebirth factors are destroyed and suffering comes to an end. "Tanha nirodha, Upadana nirodha, Upadana nirodha, Bhava nirodha; Bhava nirodha, Jati nirodha; Jati nirodha, Jara—marana nirodha"—"Cessation of Craving, cessation of Grasping; cessation of Grasping, cessation of Becoming; cessation of Becoming, cessation of Birth; cessation of birth, cessation of Old Age and Death, and of all the ills of conditioned existence Dukkha nirodha" The way to the cessation of suffering is laid down clearly and precisely, without ambiguity: and there is no other way.

In these days there is an urgent need for us to get back to the historical Buddha and to re-establish our relationship with Him. The man-created mists of two thousand five hundred years lie between the historical Buddha and ourselves, but these mists are not impenetrable. Today, as well as at any time, we can realise the Buddha as a living, continuing force that is capable of transforming our world and our life. He spoke to all generations of men and His message holds the answer to all our problems. It is with full conviction that we can say:

Sakkatva Buddha ratanam—
osadham uttamam varam
Hitam deva manussanam—
Buddha tejena sotthina
Nassantu' paddava sabbe—
dukkha vupasamentu me.

"I venerate the Buddha-jewel, the highest balm and the best, ever beneficial to gods and men. By the glory of the Buddha may all sufferings cease and all my obstacles be overcome."

May all beings be happy.
May the Buddha Sasana long endure.

BUDDHISM AND ITS RELATION TO RELIGION AND SCIENCE

By
R. G. de S. WETTIMUNY

CHAPTER V.

THE SOLE WAY

THUS far it has all been criticism. But were it criticism for criticism's sake, then the Buddha-word can make no claims to be worthy of the truth-seeker. Here is not mere criticism. In place of that which Buddhism criticizes and rejects, wisdom is offered. To offer that wisdom, that right comprehension of actuality, I shall now proceed.

At this juncture the question may be asked: Was that criticism necessary? To which my answer is that it is not absolutely necessary. A few moments of Renunciation (*nekkhamma*) and Right Mindfulness (*samma sati*) would give a greater insight into things than years of mere study and conceptual thinking. But weeds have grown over the quintessence of human thought hiding its excellence from the minds of truly seeking men,—some of them parasitic growths. These must for a start be cleared. For the thinker is struggling against them, is entangled in them. To emerge unscathed from this mighty struggle he has more often to be helped. The Way is yet there, just as it was discovered and made known two milleniums and more ago. It cannot at first be seen by reason of the mass of concepts which have heaped up in so mixed up a fashion. He who writes this has once been such a victim.

To him, however, who has sufficient confidence to tread the Way in spite of these thorny weeds, following the guidance that is offered, - to such a one these initial labours may not be necessary. And once he has reached the end of his trail, well may he look back and view those weeds which he trampled in the course of his journey.

The problem of actuality comes precisely to this: The problem of Consciousness. The problem of the concept is also the problem of Consciousness, of mind-consciousness. I can become mind-conscious, or I can conceive things rightly or wrongly. Yet it is all the same, a conceiving. The fact is that I can conceive actuality in any one of these three modes, - erroneously, hypothetically, or rightly. Which only means that the erroneous concept as well as the hypothetical concept *is a part of actuality*.

When I take for water the sunshine on the sand, there is brought about within me what is called a wrong notion. A wrong notion, or a wrong comprehension of actuality has been unbuilt in my mind, has been actualized. And that which is upbuilt, or is actualized, is a part of actuality. The actualizations that are going on within me, the thoughts that are arising and ceasing in me, are arising and ceasing notwithstanding the question as to whether they are right or wrong. Right or wrong, the fact is, they *do* arise. That means they are a part of actuality. Let one realize this before he is to proceed any further.

The problem of actuality, as far as it can concern me, is the problem of my consciousness in all its manifestations. All that the external world does is to provide one supporting point for the arising of the various aspects of my consciousness which, collectively, I call *myself*.

Now, when I comprehend something I also *know* that I comprehend. This knowledge is also a part of actuality. Thus there is not only an actuality in the objective sense but also a *knowledge of actuality*. And there exists a problem entirely because this knowledge of actuality which, whilst forming a part of actuality, is not in harmony with that actuality it seeks to comprehend, is in contradiction with it. It does not therefore suffice me to merely comprehend actuality as that which it truly is. Along with such a right comprehension of actuality I should also see the nature of wrong comprehension, its arising and passing away, and the sufficient reason for it all. Actuality embraces the attempts to comprehend actuality, and the problem of right comprehension is made ever so difficult by reason of the fact that those attempts at comprehending actuality can suffer the fate of being an actuality which is either an erroneous or hypothetical conceiving, i.e., fiction or hypothesis.

I therefore approach the problem of truth-seeking with the following question:

How must my comprehension run its course if it is not to take the form of an erroneous or hypothetical conceiving at any point?

This is the same question that is embodied in the words: *What is the*

way of truth-seeking? And all that has gone through in the preceding chapters has been entirely to show that the answer to this question is by no means an answer that one can without difficulty find. Were it so simple and easily determinable an answer, then there certainly would not be all those edifices of human thought which have fallen into opposition with living experience in so disappointing a fashion. Let alone an answer, a diagnosis of the difficulties that this question presents is itself a hard and tedious task.

One wanders through all the fields of human thought hitherto held in high esteem looking for an answer to this question: How must comprehension run its course if it is not to follow the path of an erroneous or hypothetical conceiving at any stage? All of them have something to say, but yet none wholly satisfying. But if to this question no complete answer can be found—complete in that he who provides the answer must also at the same time offer to guide the seeker to the final consummation of his search when he can say to himslef that naught else remains to be done—then it means that the human race has still to produce its most perfect product who would have lived actuality to its highest consummation. It would then spell bad for all truth-seekers, for all unbiassed thinkers, and no alternative would lie for a poverty-stricken mental life than to fall back into the mire of concepts. "But by good fortune the giant among mental giants with his giant truth in his Teaching, already for the last two rhousand years has been living amongst mankind." And his answer comes, an actually enlightening answer, rendering a staggering blow to all theories and hypotheses,—*IT MUST BE THE WAY OF MINDFULNESS*:

"The one and only way, monks' for the purification of beings, for the overcoming of sorrow and lamentation, for the destruction of pain and grief, for finding the right path, for the realizing of cessation, is the Four Applications of Mindfulness (*ekayano ayam bhikkhave maggo sattanam visuddhiya sokapariddavanam samatikkamaya dukkha domanassanam atthangamaya nayassa adhigamaya nibbanassa sacchikiriyaya cattaro satipatthana*)."

—(Digha Nikaya 22).

With this there takes place the first great change in the way of truth-seeking. No longer do I, the truth-seeker, become what the Buddha calls a "reconstructor of the past." No longer do I become what on the other hand he calls an "arranger of the future". For here all speculations regarding the past and the future are done away with. Here every truth of life has to be lived out and experienced. And if I have up to now tried to comprehend the truths of life by a process of logical reasoning, by a dabbling in concepts, henceforth I am compelled to understand them fully by *mindfully* living them out in myself.

Within this Way the Buddha discovered the process of life proceeds with the conceiving not in the fashion of a trying to remember the past or a speculating on the future, but with a conceiving that takes the form of an immediate apprehension of that part of actuality which only is wholly accessible and truly is to me - *the present living moment*.

From irrational belief as of Religion, from the hypothetical working as of Science, I cross over to the Eightfold Path, to *experiencing* actuality. And within this experiencing the Buddha makes me see for myself in clear light the arising and passing away of the concept, whether such be right or wrong, along with the sufficient reason for its arising and passing away. The reason for the discord between my concept of actuality and actuality, the minus quantity or the missing factor of the hypothetical concept, - all these are brought to light. Here within this Way the Buddha makes me comprehend the world as it really is before I proceed to make deliberations regarding its past or future.

What exactly this Way of Mindfulness is—this is not yet the place to elucidate. A certain amount of instruction by the Buddha himself is necessary. It is like the instruction given by him who has already travelled the whole length of the journey to a novice who wishes to travel the same weary way. The greater part of what follows shall deal with these preliminary instructions. On the Way itself only a few remarks can be made here. It refers things back to the seeker himself and therewith makes a call to him to perform the duties that *follow from his understanding*. From this one can arrive at a simple definition of what Buddhism is, - that is, it is the right understanding of life and therewith the performance of the duties that follow from such an understanding. Thus, were Buddhism to uphold any ethics or morality, then these latter should have their genesis in nothing but this: Right understanding of the nature of life. It is *mindfulness* all the same with even this preliminary right understanding.

Buddhism is not therefore something to be believed in as the essence of Religion is. "Just as a goldsmith tests his gold in the fire," the Buddha says, "so should even my words be tested." They have to be tested in the court of actuality, which in the final analysis, is the court of living experience. To all truth-seekers the Buddha admonishes: "Do not go upon report; do not go upon tradition; do not go upon hearsay; do not go upon correspondence with scripture; do not go upon cogitation; do not go upon logic; do not go upon specious reasoning; do not go upon approval of a thought-over notion; do not go upon a person's seeming ability; do not go upon the thought, 'The ascetic is our teacher'." (*Anguttara Nikaya I*). Nor is Buddhism something that can be proved or disproved as Science would have it done, - that is, as from a standpoint outside of it, for

actuality embraces all attempts at proving. It is something that one has to experience by himself, and in the experiencing is found to prove itself.

Buddhism tells me that the drama of birth, life, and death cannot be comprehended by being a mere spectator to the drama. It tells me that if I am to comprehend it I have to become the dramatist myself. Just as I have realized what joy and sorrow are by having experienced them myself, in exactly the same manner have I to realize the highest truths by living them out in myself. Inasmuch as joy and sorrow are particular phases of this life-process so are the highest truths of life. They too have to become particular phases of this same process, the conditions necessary for the actualization of which phases I have still to cause to become.

This position has nevertheless been accepted by other great minds too; only, they could not discover the way to bring about such an actualization. Thus the Buddha towers above them all. This discovery that he made, this way he discovered, after making the greatest sacrifice, entitles him to the epithet - *Buddha*. To him and his greatness I shall devote a chapter later on. This is not the place for it, for at this stage it would become a mere article of knowledge, uninspiring.

Comprehending truth means the living out and experiencing of it in oneself. It is so simply because that which is called Consciousness, Cognition, it not something that allows of it to be comprehended from a standpoint outside of it. I can find no standpoint outside of my consciousness, no footing away from it, no support apart from it. There lies the greatest stumbling block to mental life and the reason for its general impoverishment when it is confronted with the problem of life. Living is a process of becoming concious, and inasmuch as I have come to know joy and sorrow by becoming conscious of them within me, precisely in the same manner have I to come to know the goal, *the ceasing of all desire*, by becoming conscious of it in myself. Not though, in the way of a mind-conciousness which, in a conceptual fashion says: It *must* be so, or it *should* be so. But in the way of a mind-consciousness which, experienc ing, knowing, realizing, says: It *is* so. The whole of actuality has to run its course thus if it were not to suffer the fate of an erroneous or hypothetical cognizing.

"Here a monk, having seen an object with the eye, knows when lust, hatred and delusion are within, thus: 'Lust, hatred and delusion, are in me'. He knows when lust, hatred and delusion are not within, thus: 'Lust, hatred and delusion, are not in me'. Monks, must these things be understood according to faith, inclination, report, specious reasoning, or approval of a thought-over notion?"

"No, Venerable Sir."

"Monks, this even is the way in which a monk, apart from faith (*annatreva saddhaya*), apart from inclination (*annatra ruciya*), apart from report (*annatra anussava*), apart from specious reasoning (*annatra akaraparivitakka*), and apart from approval of a thought-over notion (*annatra ditthinijjhak-khantiya*), declares realization of Knowledge: 'I know - Birth has been exhausted, the excellent life has been lived; what must be done has been done; there is nothing more to come herefrom,." (*Sammyutta Nikaya, Salayatanavagga, Navapuranavagga, Sutta No.* 8).

This even is the way of truth-seeking.This even is the way to Enlightenment. This even is the sole way - the *cattaro satipatthano*.

The entire responsibility to realize the truths of life has been thrown back at me, in that I have to live them in myself and thereby prove to myself beyond all doubt the truth of it all. Here there is no ecclesiasticism, no sacerdotalism, no prayer, no sacrament, no sacrifice. No religion which rests largely on fear and the worship of power. Here there is oniy my effort. And if there be any assistance, only that of instruction by one who has already experienced it all in himself.

Yet this way does not appeal to each and every one. Buddhism is not a comfortable way to him who is steeped in sensual pleasure, for it demands very heavy sacrifice. It demands a tearing away from those very things one has been used to treating as near and dear, and above all from that which one finds most difficult to break away from - the *I*. "And I discovered that profound truth, so difficult to perceive, difficult to understand, tranquillizing, sublime, not to be gained by mere reasoning, and is visible only to the wise. The world, however, is given to pleasure, enchanted with pleasure. Truly such beings will hardly understand the laws of conditionality, the Dependent Simultaneous-Arising (*paticca samuppada*) of everything. Incomprehensible to them also will be the actualizations, the forsaking of every substratum of renewed birth, the fading away of craving, detachment, extinguishing, Nibbana. Yet there are beings whose eyes are but a little covered with dust. They will perceive the truth." (*Majjhima Nikaya* 26).

To those beings whose eyes are but a little covered with dust the Buddha speaks. He did not sow any seeds on rock. For he knew there was no sprouting therefrom. There was no sprouting possible from the mind of an infatuated Vacchagota and hence no purpose served by answering a Vacchagota except to infatuate him further. He knew where he was sowing them, and the seeds he sowed were those suited to sprout up out of the soil in which he sowed. Always the same monotonous doctrine, the

doctrine of actuality, but in that manner comprehensible to that audience. To his seven year old son Rahula, one way. To the thoughtful and intelligent Sariputta, another way.

To tread the Way, and to be merely shown the way, - these are two different things that have two different effects. He who has trodden the way by himself can never in all fullness make another realize what it is by merely pointing out the way. And he who accepts the call to be shown the way must necessarily have confidence in the one who offers to show. Confidence in the teacher is essential, - confidence to follow the teacher until the results prove to oneself the truth of what the teacher teaches him. With the realization of every successive step that is taught confidence in the teacher is strengthened. Confidence is one's greatest friend; and along with confidence goes hand in hand that other attribute called courage - an attribute that comes in only where there is sufficient conviction. He who respects not confidence will experience nothing worthy.

Having driven away from the mind all those heaped up concepts whether they be logical or illogical, and armed with confidence and courage, one can attempt to tread the path of search that Buddhism has laid down, a path which commences with Right Understanding (*samma ditthi*) and sufficiently clear insight into the nature of all things. Thus ready to be instructed in order to achieve this one can stand at the portals of Buddhism. In such fashion only can one stand before the gates of this magnificent city, to enter which one must have the passport that all the wondrous maze of gigantic wisdom one shall find inside is not something that has to be believed in, nor yet can be proved or disproved as one would ordinarily have it, but is something that has to be lived out and experienced by oneself till the results prove the truth of it all.

That is the "drama" of the Buddhist Doctrine, - the drama that keeps over both Religion and Science, the drama of actuality that keeps over both error and provisionality.

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NOTICE

A Special General Meeting of the Y. M. B. A. Colombo will be held at the Association hall on Wednesday, November 12, 1958, at 5. 30 p.m. to move the following resolution :-

"That this Association (subject to the concurrence of the Trustees) accepts the offer of Rs. 15,000/- for the surrender of the lease-hold rights in 1R. 9P. of land situated at Mt. Lavinia and which rights have been assigned to this Association by Deed No. 153 attested by M. B. Salman, N.P., dated the first day of May, 1958 by Noel Edward Mendis Wickramasinghe, and grants to the Board of Management authority to execute all such instruments as are necessary to effect the transfer of the said rights to the owner of the land, and to credit all proceeds accruing thereby to the Fort Branch Building Fund",

THE MAHA-PRAJNA PARAMITA-SUTRA

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WE take pleasure in annoucing the publication of a photostatic Chinese edition of the Maha-Prajna-Paramita-Sutra, which, originally consisting of 600 books, is the most important part of the Buddhist Tripitaka. This Sutra was the synthesis of the philosophical teachings given by the Buddha at sixteen Dharma Conferences at four different places in India. Dealing as it does with the unfoldment of the Buddhic-nature of man, it points out, as its name signifies, the Path of Transcendental Wisdom leading to the Other Shore, that is, to Nirvana, to Absolute Reality, to Buddhahood.

This was one of the Sutras which the celebrated Chinese Monk, Tripitaka Dharmacarya Hsuan Chuang, brought back from India to China more than a thousand years ago, and which he personally translated into Chinese in one of the imperial palaces under the patronge of the Emperor himself. When completed, the whole text of the translation consisted of 4,845,600 words.

Throughout the centuries this Sutra has constituted a part of the Tripitakas, and, on account of the huge magnitude of the work, has very seldom appeared in single separate editions. For this reason it has been extremely difficult—in fact, impossible—for Buddhists or students of Buddhism to procure a set of this Sutra without purchasing the whole Tripitaka itself.

Most fortunately, one separate edition published in the Ch'ing Dynasty has been preserved in perfect condition and is now in the hands of a group of Buddhists in Hong Kong. Thus a unique oppurtunity has presented itself of publishing a photostatic edition of this Sutra so that it may be available to Buddhists, Buddhist organizations and libraries in all countries of the world.

To discuss ways and means of carrying out this noble mission several meetings have been held in recent months by local Buddhists (both monks and laymen), as a result of which a General Publication Committee of over a hundred members has been formed to sponsor this worthy project. The actual publication work is entrusted to a Standing Committee of 21 members, who have their headquarters at the Tung Lin Kok Yuen, 15 Shan Kwong Road, Hong Kong, and an office at No. 152, Wing Lok Street West, 3rd Floor, Hong Kong.

The first edition will consist of 1,000 sets of 24 volumes each, available, in six instalments of four volumes each, from October, 1958. The price of each set will be US$45,- abroad, postage included; but a special offer, good till 31st August, 1958, at US$32.- per set (including postage) is now made to friends in foreign countries who place their orders in advance within the time limit. They are requested to mail their orders with their remittances to Messrs. Kin Tye Lung, 27 Bonham Strand West, Hong Kong, before 31st August next. Official receipts will be sent by this firm in due course, followed by the mailing of the Sutra itself from October.

The present exceptionally low price of the Sutra is made possible by donations from many enthusiastic Buddhists who are keen on making a special contribution towards the dissemination and perpetuation of the Buddhadharma in the world. Donations from friends in foreign countries are therefore heartily welcome and their names will be published at the end of the Sutra.

SIR JOHN HUBERT MARSHALL

By D. T. DEVENDRA

THE London "Times" has announced the death, on August 17th, of Sir John Hubert Marshall, C.I.E., F.B.A., etc., at the good old age of 82 years. The name of John Marshall is practically synonymous with Indian Archaeology over which he had been a towering figure for 30 years from 1902. To Buddhists it is a memorial of the invaluable service he had rendered by preserving the hallowed remains of places where the Buddha had walked many centuries ago. Rajagaha, mountain-ringed capital of Magadha; Sarnath where the Wheel of the Law had been sent in motion in the Deer Park of Isipatana; the ancient city of Sravasti and its monastery of Jetavana so intimately connected with the Discourses, the glory of all these unforgettable sites was revealed to them by the great archaeologist. Not these alone were his concern, by any means, for he also explored and excavated Pushkalavati, that ancient capital of Gandhara, which is known as Charsadda; Sanchi; Taxila, and a host of less popularly remembered but important sites in the history of Buddhism.

Marshall's monumental work was undoubtedly his book on Mohenjo-daro which was published in 3 volumes in 1931. He, the discoverer was fortunate enough to be able so to complete this, his greatest task in a sense before memory and intellect could be blurred, as, report says, they were in his closing years. He also undertook the revision and editing of Mr. S. Vats's text on Harappa. The monograph on Sanchi appeared 9 years later sumptuously produced in 3 Vols; Messrs. Alfred Foucher and N. J. Majumdar collaborated in this task; and the book on Taxila, long delayed by World War II, was ultimately published, also in 3 Volumes, in 1952.

To Christians the city of Taxila has the romantic association of the Parthian king Gondophares who is recalled in the legends of St. Thomas, Apostle of the East.

Before Marshall came to India the archaeological work in that country had halted since the retirement of Dr. James Burgess in 1869. Lord Curzon the Viceroy was most anxious to revive this neglected cultural activity and it was largely as a result of this personal interest that the new man was picked for the high and responsible office of Director-General of the Archaeological Survey. This Survey at the time controlled the work in Burma which was a part of the Indian Empire.

Marshall came to the new work with a certain amont of field experience at home and in Greece, in the British School, in (Western) Classical archaeology. With the appointment of this young man of only twenty-six years of age it could be said metaphorically of him, as literally of the Younger Pitt in politics, that a kingdom had been entrusted to a school boy's care. Sir Mortimer Wheeler who held the same post a dozen years afterwards has, in a book published only three years ago, described the general complexion of the time.

"The old Archaeological Survey of India, now the Archaeological Department of the Republican Government of India was and probably still in the largest and most complex archaeological machine in the world. . . This great machine was essentially the creation of two men, Lord Curzon and Sir John Marshall. . Curzon's long-range appointment of John Marshall to the reconstituted office of Director General is the subject of an apocryphal story which may be no truer than many apocryphal stories. But whether the very young Marshall who, in response to a telegram, arrived in India with his bride in 1902 was or was not the Marshall intended for the new and responsible post, there can be no doubt that Fors Fortuna knew her business."

I here recall the words of a member of the Executive Committee on Education of the State Council in describing, also an appointee from abroad, to one of our cultural Departments.

"We appointed the father and the son accepted the appointment!"

The writer of the London "Times" Obituary tells of Marshall the man.

"He turned easily from the cares of business to show a lighthearted charm; and his fomer associates remember his courtesy, friendship and hospitality, his brilliant conversation and glowing enthusiasm for the promotion of Indian archaeology."

Wheeler also described Marshall but in these words.

"I once heard a friend and admirer of Marshall describe him as a beech tree under which nothing grew.' That was well put. Marshall was of a temperament which hinders the confident delegation or responsibility, and hinders therefore the adequate training of subordinates to assume responsibility. It may be that something in the air of Edwardian India, some germ surviving from the India of the Moghuls, had entered early into Marshall's system. Certain it is that, when I reached India in 1944, Marshall was still a remote king-god of whom his worshippers had no intelligent comprehension, and sought none."

Marshall came to Ceylon in February 1917, as the emissary of Viceroy Lord Chelmsford, with a Buddha Relic found in Taxila. It was discovered by Sir John in Chir Tope, the ancient Dharmarajika Stupa, the most venerated and splendid shrine of the region in which a portion of the Buddha Relics had undoubtedly been enshrined by Asoka. Although, as he explained in the speech of presentation he made before a solemn gathering at the Kandy Audience Hall on February 3rd, there was no piece of writing associated directly with the Relic, Marshall was convinced that it was one of the Buddha. Chir Tope means Split Tope and well explains how the vandals' name has been perpetuated. A few yards away from it he discovered a Bodhisattva shrine of a later period in which he found a reliquary containing relics, then reduced to dust. This had a silver scroll inscribed in letters of the Kharosthi alphabet describing them as Relics of the Buddha.

The reliquary was handed, at the Kandy ceremony, to Nugawela Diyawadana Nilame on behalf of the Buddhist community. A Perahera followed in honour of the memorable event. The Director-General, who recorded his impressions of it in his Annual Report (for 1916-1917), commented that the pageant reminded him of the processions sculptured in the reliefs at Sanchi. (Mr. C. S. Vaughan, the Government Agent of Central Province who assumed charge of the Relic on behalf of our government had, in his Administration Report, noted the date as February 2nd; Marshall's memorandum as well as the account in the Ceylon Antiquary and Literary Register, Vol. III for April 1917, agreed that it was on the following day.)

After retirement Marshall was appointed for 5 years, under the designation of Officer on Special Duty, in order to provide him with the opportunity of finishing up his writings. Ill-health made him return home and it was from there that his tasks were completed.

Sir John had married the youngest daughter of Sir Henry Longhurst, one of whose sons was the Archaeological Commissioner of Ceyoln immediately before Dr. S. Paranavithana; he is now living in retirement in India.

Sir John must have been full of sorrow, as in years, during the last phase of his life. For, I have heard on good authority that his request for aid from the governments of India and Pakistan, towards providing for his only daughter had been refused by both the governments.

NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

Members elected on 28.4.58.

Dr. E. H. Mirando,
7, Fairfield Gardens,
Colombo 8.

Members elected on 12.5.58.

Karunaratne Wijesinghe,
117, Sunethradevi Rd.,
Pepiliyana, Nugegoda.

Members elected on 19.5.58.

K. H. G. Bandupala,
136, Elliot Road,
Galle.

Members elected on 26.5.58.

W. B. T. Henry Perera,
122, Barnes Place,
Colombo.

Dr. D. G. de S. Kularatne,
Fort,
Galle.

Members elected on 11.6.58.

Gunasena Galappatty,
'Senaka'
Mirihana Rd., Nugegoda.

D. S. Weerasinghe,
National Housing Dept.,
Colombo.

Ranjit Senaratne,
'Ajantha'
Godagama,
Homagama.

Members elected on 14.7.58.

W. John Silva,
166!1, Temple Rd., Colombo 10.

Members elected on 28.7.58.

Ariyadasa Weerakkody,
6!6, Kumaradasa Place,
Wellampitiya.

Members elected on 18.8.58.

E. E. Peiris,
411/25, Galle Rd.,
Bambalapitiya, Colombo.

Noel Wijenaike,
12, De Fonseka Place,
Colombo 4.

N. E. Bastian,
3, Rajawatte Terrace,
Colombo 6.

Members elected on 25.8.58.

G. W. David de Silva,
Post Office Bungalow,
Borella.

L. R. de Alwis,
'Alvis Villa'
Kikkaduwa.

J. Edirisinghe,
Bellana,
Agalawatte.

E. A. Gunasekere,
31, Karlshrue Gardens,
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Members elected on 15.9.58.

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Note

While apologising for the delay in issuing this number of the magazine, we wish to inform our readers that the magazing is now printed at the Y. M. B. A. Press.

EDITORS

සංගීත පඩිකතී

සමූහ ගායනා : ඉරු දිනයන්හි පූ: භා: 10—12 දක්වා පුහුණු කරවීම : **ආනන්ද සමරකෝන්**

ශාසනීය වාදන : ඉරු දිනයන්හි අ: භා: 1.30—3 දක්වා පුහුණු කරවීම : **අමරදේව**

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සතිපතා පැවැත්වෙන සමූහ ගායනා පන්තියට රුපි: 7.50 ක්ද, අනිත් පන්තිවලට රුපි: 10 ක්ද මාස් පතා අය කරනු ලැබේ. විෂයයන් දෙකකින් පුහුණුව ලැබීමට එකම අය ඉදිරිපත් වන දැට විෂයයන් දෙකටම අය කරනු ලබන්නේ රුපි 15/- පමණකි.

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කොළඹ 8.

ඩී. ජී. එඩ්වින් ද සිල්වා
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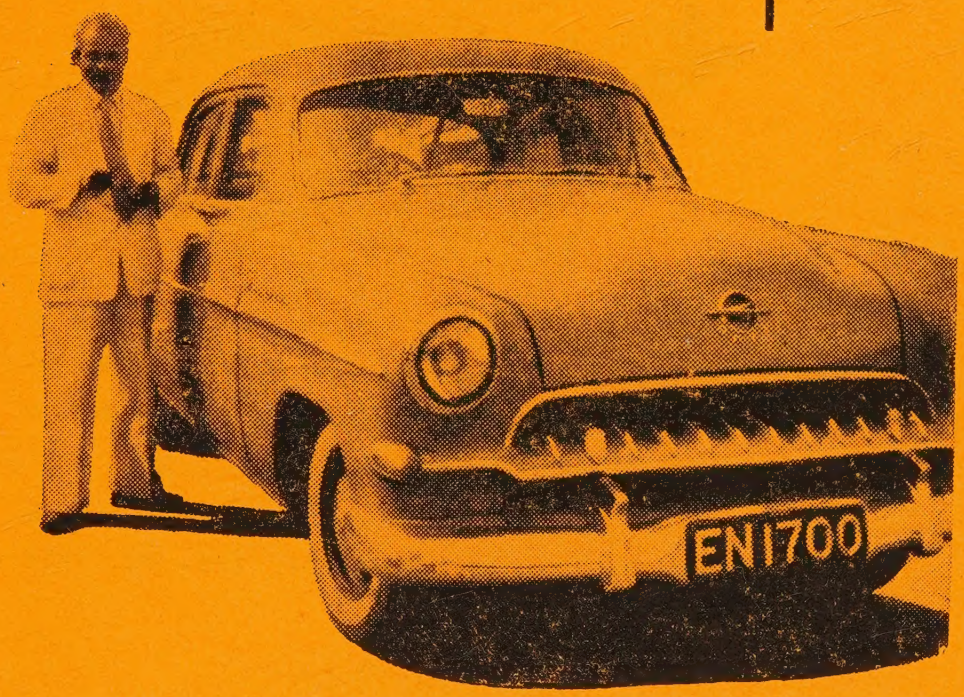

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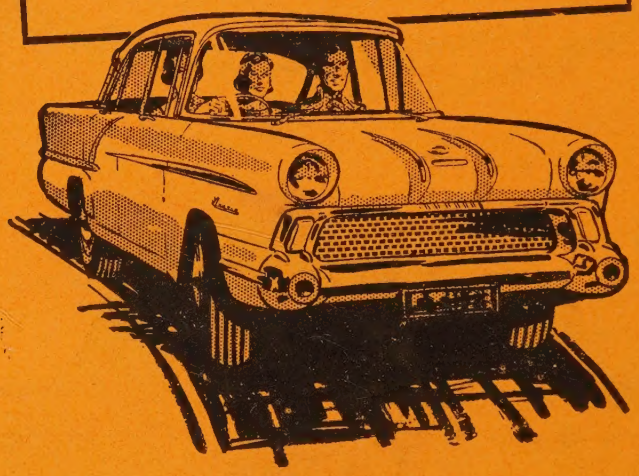

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